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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Bowen on Central Africa.

CENTRAL AFRICA, *Adventures and Missionary Labors in Several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1856*, by T. J. BOWEN, 359 pp. 12mo. Charleston: Southern Baptist Publishing Society, 1857.

From a review of the above work in the *National (Washington) Intelligencer* we make the following extract, which constitutes almost the entire article:

Mr. Bowen in youth was a bold and hardy soldier; but in his manhood and his Christian devotion the qualities of a hero born in him have found a field which no soldier ever has a chance to enter. To penetrate alone into an entirely unknown and hostile region, to go straight through the gates of a city peopled by hundreds of thousands who looked on him with the same wonder as they would on an angel or a fiend dropping down from the clouds; to say before the Court and King of a great nation in whose presence he stood arrayed, as Bowen did, "The God of Heaven is my King; I am a soldier, and this book is my sword," and thus to conquer his way from city to city and through people after people, is an achievement such as an Alexander never would have dreamed of undertaking. It is comparatively cowardice to be a conqueror shielded on all sides by an invincible army.

Peculiar intellectual as well as moral traits always belong to such a pioneer. When a country is fairly open plenty of *hokworms* work their way through it and give the world heavy books, and plenty of *butterflies* in literature flip over it to skim materials for light books; but a book that is a book upon a new country is written by a man of practical philosophy, one of mingled power as a man of perception and of reflection. Such a work will always have the life of a romance, and at the same time the clear analysis and classification which belong to nature herself; for both the bookwork and the fashionable are always *unnatural* in their pictures of other lands. They did not themselves see naturally, and of course cannot paint naturally to the eye of another.

Pages might be filled with extracts from this rich sketch-book of several years' original research in the ravest of the world's fields for new investigation. So peculiar is that characteristic of a true explorer just alluded to, that the most thorough student of African colonization in Liberia is struck with entirely new yet perfectly simple and truthful views of things seen there, and of principles legitimately drawn from observation; and the leader in the colonization enterprise has been heard to say, "this book is the best ever written on African colonization, because it presents the subject *indirectly*." Truth is never appreciated until its connections are seen; and the colonization of Western Africa, seen in or out of its connection with Central Africa, is as different in aspect as American colonization has appeared to a man of the seventeenth and another of the nineteenth century. African colonization in Bowen's narrative, and that by the simplest style of statement, grows from infancy to maturity, and looks as Virginia now would to Capt. John Smith if he could wake from the sleep of generations.

And now that background of Central Africa, covered so lately with a cloud of impenetrable darkness, comes up into the distinct foreground, the mist clearing away as in broad sunlight, and one of the most enhancing prospects the world ever presented peering into view. Such immense cities as densely populated Asia alone can rival; such broad, rich, cultivated fields; such wealth that \$1,000 is sometimes paid for a choice Arabian horse; such a genial kindness and urbanity among the people; such a trade, such culture, surely it seems a dream to think that, so near to the coast of Africa, within but a hundred or two of miles from the most barbarous and horrible portion of the slave coast, such a wonderful people should be living.

If any man of Dr. Kane's or Mr. Bowen's spirit wishes a field of promise for exploration such as none other on earth affords, he will at this day seek Central Africa. If any such man has *fores* in such an undertaking, he may fling them to the winds, for human nature never has and never can resist the advances of a truly noble and generous spirit. If a selfish man, a man of mere avarice and ambition, attempted to penetrate the land, he would probably meet the fate such a spirit always has met. But the compliment Livingstone has received from the scientific world is based on a necessary principle. Friends of science and of human discovery who wish new countries explored have learned that none but the missionary of Christ can satisfy an exclusive and distrustful people of the disinterestedness of his mission. China and Japan were open to such men so long as they were such men, and never can the world be opened by any others.

A few extracts illustrating these principles are called almost at random from Mr. Bowen's book. After a rapid sketch of what was anciently known of Africa, Mr. Bowen gives a summary of Christian efforts

to penetrate it. He infers that the Portuguese in the fifteenth century knew far more of Central Africa than is known in our day. He speaks of the settlement of Sierra Leone by negroes taken from our Southern States during the war of the American Revolution, which negroes, because their captors did not know what to do with them, were planted on their native shore, forming now a school of preparation to native Africans who will exert an influence upon the interior. He presents a graphic picture of things in Liberia, drawing conclusions which, from his point of view in Central Africa, give them a peculiar aspect of truth. He is specially full in the information he gives as to the influence of the colony on the barbarous tribes of the coast, the very curse of African society, and says: "If they improve in the same ratio for the next twenty years many of them will be half civilized."

Mr. Bowen thus states the principle on which he felt bound to act, in passing through the rude tribes of the coast, to devote his life to the improvement of the comparatively civilized tribes of the interior:

"Desire to stimulate, labor to supply, and a strong arm of law to direct and restrain, are indispensable to the improvement of any barbarous tribe. If there had been no people in Africa superior to those of Guinea I might have been content to pass my days here, engaged in the lowest department of preparatory labors; but when I knew that the intellectual and social state of the Central Africans already demanded the Gospel and the higher degree of civilization, it appeared to me unreasonable to neglect them for the sake of premature labors in Guinea."

Arrived on the coast of Badagry, where he was to penetrate the interior, he speaks thus of the distinction between the tribes of Africa, as recognized by our Southern planters:

"This part of Africa is called the slave coast, because it afforded the most intelligent, docile, and industrious negroes for the American plantation. I am sorry to add that these 'good niggers' were the almost civilized inhabitants of Yoruba, Nifee, and Hausa, and other countries in Soudan, the very people to whom I had gone forth as a missionary. They at least, according to the inflexible laws of nature, deserved a better fate than slavery; for if rights and relations are the just result of properties or character, which they undoubtedly are, these people had a right to remain unmolested in their native land. Every planter who is forty years old knows the great difference in the character of 'new niggers.' The short, stubby, silly fellows, often brought into the slave markets, were chiefly from Congo, south of the line, where all the people imported into America have an affinity to the Hotentots. The 'Gulla niggers' were from the Golaah country, on the St. Paul's river, where they still vegetate, about the meaner of the human race, and amply worthy of the cotton-field. The 'Eboe nigger' was from a fine open country above the Delta of the Niger, and not from the Delta itself, as we have commonly supposed. At home he was a noble, high-minded, and half-civilized man, who beautified his fine country with well-cultivated farms and shady villages. In America he was trusty, intelligent, and industrious, but remarkable for an absolutely indomitable spirit, to which even the master must yield when the Eboe was aroused, unless he should choose to shoot down the best slave on his plantation."

The familiar town of Abbeokuta was the first visited by Mr. Bowen—a town whose history marks an era as the opening of the way for Christianity to penetrate to Central Africa. A series of civil conflicts, waged particularly between the Egbas and Yorubas, led to the destruction of many principal towns, and two hundred thousand people were killed and made slaves. Some refugees of the Egbas took shelter on a precipitous granite hill about forty years since, around which a population of perhaps sixty thousand have since gathered. About 1838 Egbas merchants met the Wesleyan missionaries at Badagry, on the coast, and also several Egbas, who had been recaptured from slave ships and civilized in Sierra Leone, returned to their countrymen at Abbeokuta, telling wonderful things of christianity and christian missionaries." Wesleyan missionaries were invited to the town, and now, in the Episcopal and Wesleyan stations there, six hundred communicants are numbered.

During his stay at Abbeokuta the town was attacked by a large army of the King of Dahomey, the powerful tribe who stand forth yet as champions for the slave trade and the extirpation of the Christian religion. Mr. Bowen's military experience led him to take a part such as few men in his walk of life could have played. He thus describes the beginning of the conflict:

"Early on the morning of March 3d, 1851, the scouts brought news that the army of Dahomey was approaching the city. I exhorted the people to stand firm, to reserve their fire, and take good aim. Ogbuona, one of the Caloguns, (generals,) replied: 'You will see that we shall fight.' Towards noon the Egbas, amounting perhaps to fifteen thousand men, all armed with guns, marched out at the Badagry gate to meet the enemy. There was no noise and gasconading, after the manner of the Golaahs, but I could plainly see in their firm and solemn countenance, as thousands after thousands passed by, that they were prepared for the occasion."

After two days, hard fighting the Dahomies retreated, leaving about two thousand dead on the field.

Wherever Mr. Bowen went he found many of the interesting and countless people of Central Africa eager to hear of a religion indistinct tidings of which had come to their ears. We had marked numerous extracts to copy, but have room for only two or three.

The following striking instance of the sense of honor and moral integrity of the people surpasses any thing which travellers

have related (and truthfully) of the desert Arabs:

"The country west of Aibo was beautiful and well cultivated. Seeing small parcels of fruit and other little articles lying beside the road, I asked Sam what it meant. 'Do put da for sell?' 'Well, where are the owners?' 'Duuna, sah; in the farm some of 'em.' 'Don't travellers steal these things?' I inquired. 'No, sah; de can't steal um.' In some places I saw a few cowries left by purchasers, and was so well pleased with this novel market that I became a purchaser myself, leaving some cowries, which Sam, who knew the signs, declared to be the price."

In the army of Dahomies that attacked Abbeokuta was a division of six thousand female troops, the Amazons of old. An incident as to one of this class of soldiers we quote:

"One of the Dahomey prisoners brought to the Iketu market was a native of that place who had been captured when a girl and enrolled in the King's army of Amazons. Her parents found her out, and were delighted with the opportunity of purchasing her freedom; but she said, 'No, I will go back to my master.' The Dahomey Amazons are said to have a perfect passion for the service, notwithstanding they are bound to perpetual celibacy and chastity under the penalty of death. I know them to be furious in battle, but their chief utility, I am told, is to prevent rebellion among the male soldiers. They have a separate organization, under generals and other officers of their own sex, and are deeply attached to the King."

We add an account of his visit to Ilorin, a Mahometan city, covering as large a space as New York, into which no foreigner had been permitted to go, but to which the intrepid missionary went, and could not be stopped in his journey:

"About sunset I stopped at one of the numerous villages which lie around Ilorin. The venerable old Mahometan priest or religious teacher of the village came to see me with a present of eggs. After he retired some of the villagers told me that he was accustomed to say, 'It is not the Mahometan or the heathen who will be saved, but the man who serves God in his heart.' I was not prepared to hear such a doctrine in a suburban village of Ilorin. The people listened to the gospel attentively and raised no objections."

"On arriving at Ilorin next morning I rode through the first and second gates without ceremony and alighted under a tree. 'Why did he come in?' exclaimed one of the gate-keepers. 'Step there; put his hands down outside.' The carriers put down my load as I directed, and I waited a short time to see what would follow. A little I walked good naturedly into the gate-house and asked for water, which was brought by a timid girl. 'Why didn't you send a messenger to let the King know you were coming?' inquired the old captain of the gate. 'Because I am a messenger myself,' I replied. A little conversation put him in a better humor, and he sent men to inform the King of my arrival."

After several days Mr. Bowen was sent for by the King, who manifested the greatest curiosity and received him courteously. The visit is thus described:

"He asked my name and age, the name of my mother, whether I was an Englishman; the name of my King, whether I was a Mahometan, (Mahometan,) and what was my object in coming to Ilorin. I answered each question as it was propounded, and they gave me ample time to expound myself fully. When I replied, 'God is our King,' I felt as no man can feel who acknowledges an earthly monarch. King Sata appeared to be impressed with the declaration, for he answered, 'God is enough.' When I said that I was not a Mahometan, he required whether I knew Mahomet? I told them yes, I had two Korans. 'Do you serve Moses?' they continued. 'No, Moses wrote the truth, but he was my lord and master, my master. We deny allegiance to all creatures, even to angels! Glances and smiles of approbation told that his speech had produced the intended effect. At last, when the King demanded my object in coming to Ilorin, I was just in a frame to speak freely of salvation through Christ. They listened attentively and offered no objections. When I had finished the King told me to return with Nassam; and we left them to discuss my proposition to come and live in Ilorin. I was informed that the King and most of the nobles were much pleased with our interview."

"A few days after my first audience the King sent for me to have a private interview, and requested me to bring the *Dingira*, or New Testament. This time he raised the curtain and had me to sit near him. Only one man was present. The King examined the Bible which I had brought, and requested me to read to him. I read and translated Luke's account of the conversion. We then had the following conversation: 'Why do you wish to live in Ilorin?' 'To preach the gospel.' 'What do you say when you preach?' I gave him a brief distinct outline of the Christian religion. 'We are Mahometans here.' 'I know you are Mahometans, and that is the reason I want to live among you and teach you the whole word of God.' 'I am afraid that your religion will spoil ours.' 'God commands all men, high and low, to repent and believe the gospel.' 'If any man should believe here in Ilorin, what would he do?' 'If any one should believe I would baptize him in the river Assa; and thenceforth, if he were really a believer, he would lead a new and holy life.' Hereupon he fixed his eyes on the ground for some time as if in deep meditation, and muttered to himself in Hausa, which he supposed I would not understand, 'There are Mussulmans, there are heathens, there are Christians, (Nasara.)' But he evaded an answer to the question whether I should be permitted to live in Ilorin. To me it seemed morally impossible that a strenuous and bigoted Mahometan people would permit me to live among them professedly to convert them to Christianity."

"Nassam now informed me that the King was greatly pleased with me; that he called me a very wise man; that he would give me a horse now and a house in Fada when I should return. Fada is the aristocratic quarter round about the King. I replied, 'Nassam, you know I told the King I did not want money, or horses, or slaves, or ivory—only to preach the gospel. When I come to Ilorin I shall want to live in some retired place, that I may preach to the poor as well as to the rich. I cannot live in Fada. The English missionaries will come by-and-by, and they know how to please kings; they will live in Fada. You must let me be a poor man in Ilorin.' I said this with great earnestness, because I felt it, and because I was determined at all hazards not to involve myself in any political relation or favoritism."

"There were several Moors and Arabs at Ilorin, and some of the latter were as fair-skinned as myself. I felt, I suspected one of being, as his countenance indicated, neither more nor less than an American; but I afterwards supposed myself to be mistaken. One of the Moors, who professed to have been at Kassandria and Stamboul, (Alexandria and Constantinople,) treated me with great friendship, and appeared to be much interested in my case. On one occasion he said to all present, pointing to me, 'These people are the masters of the world. He told me that he had seen the ships of my country in the Mediterranean.'"

Monumental Records.

The researches of antiquarians have recently done much to elucidate early history. The labors of Champollion, Belzoni, Young, Klaproth, Wilkinson, and Lepsius, have rendered the most interesting period of Egyptian history almost as familiar to the scholar as the events of the past century. Not so much has been learned from the interpretation of the hieroglyphics and phonetic writings of the Egyptians, as from the pictures and sculptures upon existing monuments, and from the recovered remains of works of art, both useful and ornamental. European museums are now full of curiosities from the tombs and entombs of Egypt.

In the magnificent collections made by sovereigns to increase their own glory, and in extensive private museums, procured by the wealth of the amateurs of ancient art, may be found specimens of almost every tool, implement, and piece of furniture used by the Egyptians in their daily avocations. It is probable that a dwelling-house, or mechanic's shop, might be fitted up with appropriate furniture from the tombs of Egypt, and the mummy cases would present us with the bones and withered muscles of the very beings who used the furniture and wielded the tools. The sculptures show us the uses of the implements, and the *modus operandi* of the mechanic and the housewife. In a word, they restore everything but life, to make the scene complete. By the aid of these sculptures, you may, in imagination, mount the car of the victorious warrior, and drive with him over the bodies of his slaughtered foes; or you may accompany the priest to the very penetralia of his awful deity, without hearing the *præsent est profanum* from his shrivelled lips; or you may step into the carriage of an Egyptian gentleman, and go with him to a party in high life, and seat yourself upon a divan, ottoman, or splendid chair, rising in when art in its carvings and decorations, and witness the arrival and entertainment of guests of both sexes, and discover no jealousy in the countenances of the antiquated belles; or you may visit the shops of artisans, the fields of agriculturists, or the parks of nobles, and find the occupants all at home, each with his repetitive implements of his calling, and all stationary and changeless as eternity. The public and private life of this wonderful people is here delineated with remarkable minuteness, and without the possibility of mistake."

Languages may be equivoled, historians may be prejudiced, records may be falsified, but these pictures and sculptures, representing dress, modes of life, processes of art, military equipments, and scenes in domestic life, cannot deceive the eye or pervert the truth. In this respect they are more valuable than the recorded history which careful and painstaking scholars have interpreted. Indeed the results of these protected labors have not answered the expectations of the public. The written history is less valuable than the pictorial. This will probably prove true of the antiquities of Nineveh and Babylon that have been discovered within the last few years. Mr. Layard has done more to illustrate the ruins of Nineveh than all other laborers in the same field; still with great magnanimity he ascribes to Monsieur Botta the honor of having discovered the first Assyrian monuments. Most of the mounds that have been explored contain extensive remains of ancient palaces. These hills have been regarded for more than two thousand years as natural elevations of the soil, and no mortal knew of their "exceeding great city" stood. These palaces were built of sun-burnt brick, lined with thick slabs of alabaster, which are covered with sculptures and inscriptions in the cuneiform characters. Here are sculptures, larger than life, the king who built "those palaces." Here, too, are found the leading events in the lives of those monarchs, their sieges, their conflicts in the open field, their triumphs, and their recreations. The priest and the warrior occupy the foreground of all the ancient sculptures, showing that *superstition and force* then ruled the world.

The same slabs contain inscriptions in the cuneiform letters, recounting the exploits of these heroes. These records have also been deciphered. To Col. Rawlinson, who has for a number of years resided at Bagdad, in some official capacity under the British government, is due the credit of discovering the key to these inscriptions. He informs us that there are, as in the Egyptian sculptures, two methods of writing; to wit, the Hieratic, reading from left to right, and the Chirose, reading from right to left. There are, also, according to the same au-

thority, no less than five different languages used in these records, and as many as three hundred phonetic characters. How complex was their method of writing! How exceedingly difficult to be interpreted, especially where the languages were all unintelligible, and, at first, unknown to the student. The clue to this discovery was found by Col. Rawlinson in a trifling inscription at Behistun. "This celebrated monument of antiquity consisted of sculptures in bas-relief and four hundred lines of cuneiform characters, engraved on the perpendicular face of a precipice, more than three hundred feet above the base, and dated from the year 511 B. C." The reading of the Persian portion of this threefold inscription gave the meaning of the more complicated Assyrian versions of the same facts. By the aid of this discovery, Col. Rawlinson proceeded to interpret other inscriptions, and according to the testimony of Mr. Layard, he has been entirely successful. Those who know most of these records, entertain no doubt that their true import may now be fully ascertained.

The work is still in progress. From what has already been published, we find, as in Egypt, the fullest confirmation of Scripture history. Many of the records seem to be almost identical with those of the Bible, the names and events being evidently the same in both. In these discovered monuments of ancient cities, both the prophecies and history of the Old Testament are verified beyond all controversy. [New York Independent.]

Valuable Statistics.

We gather from the "Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations," prepared in the Department of State by Mr. Figg and his assistants, some statistics which are not only curious, but instructive to the reader who has a taste for investigation. There are many facts developed which are altogether new, and which will surprise persons unfamiliar with the habits and condition of the people to which they relate:

ENGLAND.—It is assumed by British statisticians that the yearly consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 26,000 tons, about one half of which, it is supposed, is smuggled, owing to the excessive duties (upwards of 1,000 per cent.) levied on the article under the tariff system of that kingdom. The quantity of cigars and snuff imported does not exceed two or three hundred weight per annum.

FRANCE.—The article of cotton has, for a number of years, constituted in value, upon an average, three-quarters of all our domestic exports to France. Our other chief export to that country is tobacco, the trade in which is monopolized by the Government, the exclusive right to purchase imported and indigenous tobacco being invested in the *regie*, or commission—an association under the supervision of the Minister of Finance.

One-half the area of France is cultivable, and of this nine parts are meadow; four and a half parts are vineyard; fifteen parts woods and forest; fifteen parts pastures, and heaths; the remainder consisting of roads, cities, canals, vegetable gardens, &c. It presents every variety of geological formation, exhibited in almost every variety of known relations. All the departments (eighty-five in number) contain mineral substances. There are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of coal exceeds 3,000,000 tons. France is surpassed by England only in the production of iron, twelve mines of which are in operation. Three hundred thousand persons are engaged in mining, and their operations show an annual value of \$80,000,000.

Schools are provided for only about one-sixteenth of the children, and the aggregate annual revenue from all sources is about \$180,000,000, while the national debt is over \$100,000,000.

THE VINE.—The number of acres under vine-cultivation in France exceeds 5,000,000, giving employment, in the cultivation of the vine and the manufacture of wine, to about 2,000,000 of persons, (mostly females,) and in its transportation and sale to 250,000. The vine disease, now more or less prevailing in all wine-producing countries, has increased the average price of wine from 100 to 175 per cent. The French Government derives a considerable portion of its internal revenue from the manufacture of this beverage, about 90,000,000 gallons of which are annually distilled into brandy, the exportation of which is under special Government restrictions. Next to what the vine is the most important of the vegetable productions of France, and extends over the southern half of the Empire. In 1849 there were produced in France 925,000,000 gallons of wine.

REAL ESTATE.—Landed property is more minutely divided in France than any where else in Europe, or even than in the United States. In a few departments may be found estates of two hundred acres, but they are rare, and daily becoming more so, as the law divides the really extensive among the children. The greater portion of the farms are now less than twenty acres. Improvements in the methods of cultivation progress languidly, and the methods of manuring and rotation of crops and of employing machinery continue to be very defective.

COTTON.—The manufacture of cotton was first introduced into France in 1770, and has increased at an enormous rate. The total number of persons now employed in it is near 300,000. The total value of all the manufactures of France annually is 1,600,000,000 francs, and they are rapidly increasing.

AS AN apt reply,—"Ma'am," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniformly good child. The mother moved for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then she replied, simply and beautifully: "Why, God has given me a healthy child and I let it alone."

British Attack on the Chesapeake Frigate.

Being on my way to Chester, taking a daughter to Yorkville, on her route to school, at the Limestone Springs, during some stop of the cars, an elderly gentleman, of agreeable and imposing appearance, prominent features, upright bearing, gray hair and beard, advanced to speak to me, frankly introducing himself by name, from North Carolina.

Amidst the clatter of the cars, in course of a desultory conversation about the Navy, he remarked "that probably he was the only remaining officer living who was present on the quarterdeck of the *Chesapeake*, when she was assaulted by the *Leopard*."

My boyish recollections immediately brought up a flock of some sailors and ship carpenters, who carried off the rudder of an English vessel, and dragged it through the streets of Philadelphia, to Independence Square, as an impulsive retaliation, when the news first reached that city, where I attended the classes of the University.

I therefore eagerly inquired for the particulars, and being connected with several in the naval service, request your attention to the details.

The British Consul, at Norfolk, had notice that four scamen, said to be fugitives from English vessels of war, had entered on board the frigate *Chesapeake*, fitting out for the Mediterranean station, having Commodore Barron on board as a passenger, to command the squadron in that sea.

Upon requisition, by the British Minister in Washington, a careful inquiry was made, and it was proven that three of the men were American citizens, and the fourth was born in a British Island, Antigua, but that all had been impressed into the English service, according to their own statement.

The affair was considered adjusted in Washington, although a communication upon the subject had already been made to the Admiral at Halifax, who issued a general order to all British vessels on the American station, "to require to search the *Chesapeake* for the deserters, unless they were given up."

The *Leopard*, a heavier vessel than the *Chesapeake*, was despatched expressly to meet her, when she should attempt to sail—and to demand the deserters of her—and without the limits of the United States.

Several English vessels of war were lying in Lynnhaven Bay, waiting for some French frigates, which had entered the Capes and were then at Annapolis. The *Leopard*, upon her arrival, anchored outside the British squadron, probably a day or two before the *Chesapeake* was declared "ready for sea" by the executive officer, after which there was a delay of a day for want of wind. In the morning the ship was got under weigh and the *Leopard* was seen to initiate her example, and make all sail in advance of the well-known route.

Thus the two ships sailed on seaward till 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when they had obtained a good offing. The *Leopard* then bore down, hailed, and said "she had despatches to send on board. The answer to this usual request from a friendly ship of war was, to send your boat—we will lay to for you."

The expectation was to receive a mail or letters for the Mediterranean. A British officer came on board, and being shown below, as already stated, a demand for the four scamen as British subjects, and showed the general orders of the Admiral, which indicated a design to take them by force if refused.

A brief order quietly to get the ship ready for action, without beat of drum, was hastily given, and as much delay made as possible, to give time for preparation—not more than half an hour. The *Chesapeake's* decks were much lumbered, and the ship by no means in condition for resistance.

The English officer's orders were peremptory and decisive—on being refused the demand "to search the ship," he was courteously shown to his boat, which fell astern of the *Chesapeake*. As soon as the boat had been fairly out of the way, as if that had been the preconcerted signal, the *Leopard* poured in her broadside—and continued to fire for a quarter of an hour, until the American flag was necessarily lowered as a signal of surrender, for defence was found impracticable.

The crew on board the *Chesapeake* was mustered, and the four men claimed as deserters were carried off by the British officers and boats. The Captain of the *Leopard* offered any assistance in his power, and urged the character of his orders.

The *Chesapeake*, somewhat crippled in her spars and rigging, returned to Hampton Roads, having the Commodore, with eighteen men wounded and three killed. No idea appears to have been entertained of the aggressive intentions of the *Leopard* until she sailed the *Chesapeake*.

Then, hurried preparations began to be made, as some suspicious circumstances were observed by the lieutenants in the movements on board the British ship.

The fires in the galley had gone out—and could not be raised in time to heat a logghead until the one-sided action was over.

The ammunition was not fired—accounts not in place for service—various preliminaries were wanting for getting the ship in condition to meet an attack, for which the gunner was afterwards held responsible, as he had reported "all ready," without making the due provision.

When the British broadside was fired and continued, Commodore Barron called repeatedly from the quarter-deck, where he remained during the attack—"For God's sake, fire one gun!" For some time this was found to be an impossibility. The only gun that was discharged was touched off by a piece of coal, carried from the galley in a zeat. Allen's fingers as the flag of the ship was lowered.

Commodore Barron, acknowledged by his brother officers to have been a brave and efficient officer, bore much unmerited obloquy on account of the result.

His only fault, in the opinion of "his agent," was, that he did not personally in-

spect the condition of readiness for sea, reported to him, and which was obviously wanting.

This account, the result of a close view from the quarter deck of the *Chesapeake*, after a lapse of fifty years, is entitled to respect, though differing somewhat from certain other statements.

The effect of this violence upon a national vessel, in consequence of an attempt to enforce "the right of search," was electrical throughout the United States. The war which afterwards ensued, in 1812, was regarded by many as the necessary result of similar intrusions, although the act was disavowed by the British Government, reparation made as far as possible, and the captain of the *Leopard* recalled. The superior officers in each service were, though, made to suffer for neglect, indifference or wrongs, in the respective governments.

But, we presume, no vessel-of-war of the United States has ever since sailed in the unprepared condition the *Chesapeake* certainly was.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

G. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, thus adds his testimony regarding the value of this product. He is farming on a large scale in Texas:

"In October, 1853, I purchased in Paris a small paper of the seed. I do not think there was more than two heaping table-spoonfuls of it, or three at the outside. I brought it with me to New Orleans, and on arriving sent it here to be planted. When I reached this place, early in May last, it was just peering above the ground, two rows of it in a ten acre field, which has been devoted in the main to millet, oats, and a little Indian corn, and four short rows in our garden; the latter was planted last."

"About the 8th of July two rows in the larger field had shot up, headed out, and ripened, notwithstanding the drought, and heavy heads were cut for seed. The oats, meanwhile, had come up, the millet was hardly above ground, while the Indian corn was parched and drying up for want of rain. Two or three mornings afterwards, on looking at the field from a hill close by, I noticed that two rows of Sorgho *Sucre* had entirely disappeared, while rows of Indian corn on the outside were still standing. On close examination, I ascertained that a lot of hogs—hogs apt to do such things—had broken into the field, and devoured the Chinese sugar cane root and branch; it was cut clean to the ground by the porkers, not a single vestige was left, while, as already stated, the stalks of Indian corn on either side were left standing. I was thankful I had sowed the seed, and thought little more of it."

"Some few days after this—perhaps a fortnight—the rows planted in the garden were examined, the heads of seeds found to be ripe, and the greater portion cut and brought to the house, leaving the tall stalks still standing. On cutting down one of the latter, which must have been ten feet high, I found it to be exceedingly heavy, and on tasting the cane it seemed to me to be as full of the saccharine juice as the ordinary sugar cane of Louisiana. At the same time I had two or three imported French merino sheep in my yard, in great want of green fodder, and on cutting the cane in small pieces, I found that they devoured it with the greatest avidity. After this I fed them daily on it for some time, a single stalk furnishing a good bait. I also gave some of it to a favorite mare, she eating it even more greedily than the sheep. Some three weeks after the ripe heads of seed were cut I noticed that new heads had shot up from the same stalk; and these new heads blossomed, filled and ripened in September, and were cut and brought to the house. All this time you must recollect we were suffering from the unprecedented drought, and Indian corn and sweet potatoes, water melons, pumpkins, and the like, had died down to the very ground."

"I now became more interested in the Sorgho *Sucre* than ever, and though I still fed out daily to the merinos and mare, left a portion of the stalks standing. Soon new heads were seen shooting out, and these in turn blossomed and ripened as did the first. I kept no account of dates, but think this third crop of seed from the same stalk, if so I may call it, was gathered about the first of October, it might have been during the second week of that month. I planted some of this last seed, by way of experiment—it came up rapidly, looked thickly, grew up until it was nearly knee-high, and was finally cut down by frost in November. A great number of shoots or suckers, which had sprung up from the stalks first planted, were cut down at the same time. The Sorgho *Sucre* can stand any kind of drought, but the first sharp frost kills it to the ground. And what amount of seed do you think I gathered from the little paper I purchased in Paris? Nearly, if not quite, two bushels; and had not the hogs broken into the field, I believe I should have had three. It certainly yields in the most miraculous manner; beats everything for dry weather."

"Of its properties for the production of sugar I can say nothing; I only know that it tastes like the common sugar cane, and is full of juice about the time the first head ripens. As a green fodder, it also beats everything which grows; horses, sheep and hogs are certainly inordinately fond of it, and so full are the stalks of saccharine matter, that they must be both nutritious and fattening. I cannot say what kind of bread or cake the seeds will afford; nor can I tell what kind of dry fodder the plant will make when cut green; these experiments I have yet to try, and now that I have the seed, I intend to do it on a grand scale. I shall plant it in rows or drills, shall sow it and cut it at different stages, to try its qualities as a dry fodder. Let me repeat over and over again, that it stands a drought better than anything we have—does not seem to require rain